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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

A TALE OF THE LATE WAR.

In giving the following narrative, the writer, of course, does not present the real names of the persons, engaged in the scenes he has endeavored to depict.

The late war is fresh in the mind of every American. The causes that induced it, the domestic opposition it experienced, and the flood of glory with which it covered the American nation, in its continued successes over Britain and its defeat of that haughty kingdom upon her favorite element, can never be forgotten. Many of our countrymen are now in the prime of life, who were actors in that struggle, and both upon the land and sea, have maintained our national honor. From one of these I have gathered the following facts. It is well known that numerous harbors in the United States were blockaded by British vessels, and among the number of these was the harbor of New London. So complete was the blockade, that the ships of Britain had fled from the waters every harmless merchantman and shut the American naval force in the Thames. Indeed, while the towns along the borders of the rivers had manifested a becoming spirit in opposition to foreign aggression, and had succeeded in the defence of their military positions, no opportunity presented itself for operation by sea, and our flag reluctantly retired before the opposing squadron. The strict siege which the enemy enforced, precluded all intercourse with the harbor of New London from without. It was indeed rumored that a solitary sail, had, often, in the midnight watch, been perceived approaching the hostile fleets: and passing through them, had been hailed and several times fired at and pursued, but all without success, and this had been a matter of such frequent repetition, that the curiosity and vigilance of the officers had been excited, and the most earnest efforts put forth for her discovery and capture—but, by remarkable speed, and skilful management she had escaped all danger. The seamen shook their heads solemnly when speaking of her, and declared their doubts of her being conducted by mortal hands. They had been sufficiently near her decks, as they averred, to discover the form of her steersman, a short, thick man, bearing on his head a cap of scarlet hue, being the only individual perceptible

on the craft; and he managed his vessel as gracefully as a lady would her parasol. A midshipman called her the Sea Serpent, and by this name, she came to be known through the whole fleet, affording merriment to the idle, but calling no smile from the grave-faced sailor, whose superstition had converted her into an object of unlimited dread.

It was the morning of a summer-day, when a carriage rolled up one of the streets of the village of S—, and stopped at the gate of a tall and stately mansion. A gentleman alighted, and handed out a female in the bloom of youth and beauty. They walked slowly over the magnificent lawn in front of the dwelling. A light form bounded from beneath the portico. 'Gertrude!' 'Ellen!' and the friends were in each others arms.

Gertrude Westfield was the daughter of a revolutionary officer residing in the city of New London. Her mother died while she was yet young, and with an elder brother, George, she was left to the guardianship of their surviving parent. As she grew in years, her increasing intelligence, amiability of temper, and attractive beauty, drew around her a circle of the dearest friends; and many and earnest were the suitors who sought her hand. Yet, among them all, she had seen none equal to her own ideas of excellence, though all were received with that guarded politeness, which, without wounding the feelings, repels intrusion.

George Westfield had, at an early age, entered the navy, and risen to rank and reputation. Among his fellow officers, he formed an intimacy with one, the pride of the ship and the object of admiration and affection to all who knew him. He possessed a pure honor, an expansive generosity, and an unassumingness of manner, which, while it is a usual concomitant of exalted genius, never fails to destroy the opposition with which genius ever meets, and to extract from hydra headed envy its poisoned fangs. There were however periods, in the acquaintance of these young men, which shewed the power of Lieutenant R. in his profession, equal to the virtues of his heart. Westfield had seen him, in those critical moments, which mark a sailor's life with the wildness of romance. When the elements exert their mighty energy in horrible uproar and strange confusion, and all hope of life depends on skill and energy. He had seen him as calm and decided in the tempest, as in the vesper, issuing every necessary order to his men, with a promptness and energy, that rivalled the electricity and thunder

of the storm. And he had seen him too, in battle, directing the movements of his ship, with the skill of a veteran, and mixing in the hottest of the fight, with a calm intrepidity that ensured success and victory.

Gertrude Westfield was ripening into full beauty when the arrival of the American naval force, agitated the city. She had listened with deep interest to her brother's glowing accounts of Lieutenant R. and felt no little curiosity to see her brother's friend. The following day the anxious eyes of Gertrude discovered her brother, with another officer, approaching the dwelling. In the warmth of the greeting with which she received George, she had nearly forgotten his companion—but it needed not the introduction which succeeded, to assure her that she saw in the graceful form, flashing eye, and noble features, the long heard of Lieutenant R.

It was not long, reader, ere they knew each other, and people said, for people will talk, that something like an engagement was on foot, but of this nothing certain was ascertained.

I must not forget, however, to give some farther facts connected with my story. Among the many suitors for the accomplished and wealthy and beautiful Miss Gertrude, was a certain Captain B. of the British navy, who, with many other officers of the same name, partook the hospitality of the good people of New London. His attentions were very marked: his *perseverance* was very marked also. He was reported skilful and brave, and also said to be very rich. And then there was a magnificent sternness in his person and air most commanding. But within was a soul, dark and base as his exterior was fair and prepossessing. To accomplish an object he hesitated at no means; the end with him was all in all; and whether that end was inherently worthy, or a mere consummation of passion, he persevered, making conscience, and morality and honor bend to the supreme inclination of his soul. He feared nothing, and cared for no one but himself. Dissimulate and deceive he could, he could gain friends, and soothe enemies, and with a character black as night, he could carry a reputation bright as day. Such was the person upon whose heart the god of Love had now discharged his arrows. The moment he beheld Gertrude Westfield, he loved her; and the moment he loved her, he inwardly swore she should be his wedded wife. Rivalry might oppose, the lady's inclination might be averse, his own duties might call him shortly from that part of the world, but nevertheless he expected to tower above all rivalry, to turn the easy current of female prejudice, and employ the uncertain duration of his stay in the most determined efforts. The feeling which had now taken possession of his heart deepened and strengthened, till it became the absorbing purpose, the master passion of his soul. And he would have sacrificed his wealth, his rank, his influence, yea, even his honor, for the accomplishment of his wish.

Meantime the world rolled on as usual, and people followed their own business and their own pleasure, notwithstanding the honorable Captain's love-sick and hot-brained phantasies. It was perhaps with a view to his unreasonable and frequently disagreeable intrusions upon her society that Gertrude Westfield complied with the repeated invitations of a friend in the village of S—, to pass with her a few weeks. But this flight from New London availed her not; for in no less than three days afterwards, a gentleman was announced in her friend's parlor, Captain B. of the British ship —,

&c. In short, he hung about her night and day, till matters seemed to threaten a crisis. Finally, he requested a private interview with Miss Gertrude. In vain she sought to elude his object, hints and innuendoes were useless, and she found herself alone in his society, and the Right Honorable captain found himself upon his knees, describing his burning, boundless love, and imploring mercy and sympathy upon his pitiable case. Alas! his eloquence, his protestations, his sighs were of no avail. He was promptly and flatly rejected.

It was the after part of a beautiful day, when the streets of S— seemed occupied with a more than usual bustle. A temporary suspension of hostilities had filled the town with officers from both the American and British service, so that the very men who had but recently been involved hand to hand in deadly strife, now partook with mutual glee the conviviality of the season. At the period I speak of, an uncommon bustle pervaded the little village. The windows of sundry millinerics discovered a degree of unusual commotion, ribbons displaced, hats leaving their usual location, and the agents of the establishment flying from room to room, and door to door, with an air of importance and despatch somewhat portentous of a great event. Here and there, servants or footmen crossed the street, or ran, conveying bandboxes of every hue and shape, and as night deepened, the rolling of carriage wheels became more and more audible. A stranger, wearied with the noise that pervaded the streets, might have wandered to the suburbs of the village, where the green hills overlooked a wide expanse of water with whose varying waves the fading sunbeams were mingling their retiring hues. Far off, like the moving of a gull, on the horizon, you might see now and then, some flitting sail, where the squadron of England was known to ride the waters—nearer by, where a small but beautiful river rolled its tributary waters into the imperial sound, rested a schooner, whose tapering masts, dark cordage, smooth spars and exquisite model, might have been supposed some spirit of the ocean, called from its concealment, to enjoy the placid motion of the deep, and witness the wide spread glories of the scene—Here and there, upon the docks, a sentry's form was visible, and the uniform of some passing soldier flitted before the view. And in the darkening sky, the moon arose, mitigating the deepening of the twilight with her serene influence.

That evening Ellen Morton, with her friend Gertrude, mingled in a magnificent fete given at the dwelling of Colonel Morton.

Reader, shall we enter the gay and rejoicing throng. How gorgeously those mirrors in the shaded light, reflect the colors and figures, which, with every hue and form, animate the sparkling saloons. How sweet the tones of glee and animation. Cheeks are glowing and bosoms heaving with the delicious excitement. There is a circle of young and happy girls, making melody with their laughter. There is a lover whispering in the ears of his mistress. See yon tall man with the dark complexion. He seems not to enjoy the universal hilarity of the evening. His brows are contracted and clouded, and his lips move as if stirred by some deep resolution. Now, what a dissimulating smile conceals the scowl that just blackened his face. Let us follow his eyes. They rest on the forms of a group in a distant part of the room. The manly person and striking features of a naval officer sets off more apparently the beautiful form reclining on his support. Dark locks of luxuriant hair fall in

graceful curls over a youthful brow polished as ivory, and roll exuberant masses of natural ringlets down a neck of alabaster whiteness. There are eyes like stars, and cheeks that have the breathing freshness of spring, and a form of surpassing symmetry. She approaches a harp, and as she sweeps her snowy hand over its speaking strings, and her voice in a gust of plaintive music accompanies the instrument, why lights the eye of yon youth standing by her side, and why does yon tall stranger turn his head from the scene, and walk away so distractedly? O spirit of music! child of Heaven! How dost thou rouse as with the fingers of omnipotence every mysterious chord of the human bosom.

A week had scarcely elapsed from the period of the levee, to which our attention has been drawn, when Gertrude Westfield, secured of no farther interruption from Captain B. prepared for her return. The evening previous to the day she had appointed for that purpose, was passed in her friend's chamber, enjoying mutual converse, listening to the song of the evening bird, and watching the stars, which were glowing like so many beacon fires, on the turrets of the sky. There was a soothing influence in the bland atmosphere and quiet scene, and she strolled forth into the garden to enjoy those meditations, to which solitude ever adds a high and delicious zest. She trod slowly its various windings, and by the shrubbery which separated it from the beach. Sweet anticipations agitated her heart, perhaps she was thinking of her honored father and one whom she should soon meet; when a footstep broke upon her ear. She turned in surprise, and beheld, standing near her, a tall figure enveloped in a cloak, and three or four men in sailor's garb. She had no time for farther observation, for ere she could utter a shriek of terror, her voice was stopped, her limbs bound, she was rudely hurried to a boat by the shore, and from thence rowed to the vessel in the stream. A realization of the truth flashed upon her mind, and she fell senseless to the deck.

Our readers need not be reminded that so recently as the late war, there were men in this country who supplied the enemies fleets with provisions, and whose boats and vessels were constantly but secretly employed in this object. Of this class, Captain B. had been informed, was the master of the schooner we have described, and he had, without difficulty, employed him to assist in the execution of his diabolical project. He intended to convey the young lady to a private vessel, under his control, and which lay with the British fleet between the village of S— and New London, and then, if she would not give him her hand, shew her how far she was in his power.

When Gertrude experienced a sense of returning consciousness, her eyes rapidly surveyed her situation. She found herself in the birth of what appeared to be a small state room, and by her side was a black waiting woman chafing her brows, and watching with anxiety every indication of returning reason. It was with difficulty she made even these observations by the light of the small lamp that rested on an adjoining table, the flickering blaze of which scarcely penetrated the gloom. The motion of the vessel agitated her terribly; it seemed tost like a feather on the seas, and it was only by main strength, the dark attendant, whom the captain had left with her, prevented her falling from the birth. Let us go to the quarter deck. A dim light shews the robust form of the steersman, around whom is wrapped a sea coat, and his head protected by a

genuine tarpaulin. Near him stands Captain B. scanning the dark outlines of the scene, and occasionally interchanging a word with his companion. The moon has become clouded, a dark mantle shrouds the skies, with here and there, a fringe of vivid light, followed by the ominous rumbling of the storm—The wind increases in violence, and as the schooner takes the direction of the blockading squadron, she drives over the waves with a velocity which almost outstrips the tornado that is urging on her sails, and threatens to lift her from the surface of the sea. The spray flies in volumes over her bulwarks, and the light vessel mounts the tall surfs as though possessed of supernatural power, and leaps like a deer from wave to wave. Mile rolls by after mile, the ocean rushes like a cataract under her keel, and even Captain B. inured to the varieties of nautical life can scarcely support himself by a violent grasp of the taffrail.

'It will be hard to see your three lights, Sir, in this blow,' said a seaman, who came from the fore-castle, addressing the steersman, and wiping the foam from his face. 'Never mind, keep the fellows on the watch, and clear out your blinkers,' responded the master and then, addressing Captain B. 'your honor said three lights in the offing?' 'Three lights, and guns at intervals.' 'It would be hard to hear guns in this racket. We shall be soon upon them tho' at this rate.' 'Soon, your craft flies. Never did I see but one vessel that could keep within leagues of your stern.' 'And who might she be, your honor?' 'A saucy American that has often run the gauntlet of our fleet, while blockading New London.' 'Got thro' your ships?' asked the master with surprise. 'Yes, and tho' often chased by our best vessel, always escaped. Yet, tho' she went with the heels of the devil, she must have fallen astern of your schooner.' 'And what might have been her name?' 'They called her the Sea Serpent, but'—A loud voice broke in upon the sentence. 'Light, ahoy.' The Captain bent his form anxiously over the quarter deck, and discerned far as the eye could reach, a dim light appearing and disappearing as the waves receded from or retarded the view. The storm still continued violent, and it was difficult to determine whether the light was not from a light house or some other vessel; yet as it was in the exact direction of the blockading fleet, he waited anxiously to hear amid the din of the elements, the gun that would relieve his doubts. Nor did he wait long. A loud burst of thunder had scarcely rolled over the Heavens, when a dull report succeeded, and told the practiced ear of the officer, that it was the appointed signal from his ship. Every eye was anxiously strained towards the object and as the schooner careered over the billows with increasing speed, the light they had perceived widened into three distinct blazes, and a broad flash of lightning shewed at a mile's distance a tall merchant vessel, lying under the protection of a frowning man of war, that formed part of the blockading squadron. 'Now, my man, your purse shall be lined with gold for this night's deed.' The Captain spake, and passed down the companionway of the vessel. Gertrude was reclining in the arms of her swarthy nurse, nearly insensible. She noticed not his presence. The pallidness of death had overspread her brow. Her cheeks were blanched, and her hands clasped as if in the last agony. The Captain paused but a moment, and then rushed again upon the open deck. They were now on the windward quarter of the merchantman, and coming down upon

her with a speed that seemed impossible to check. Yet but a moment elapsed, and as sail after sail rapidly disappeared, the schooner rolled between the 74 and her convoy, and her boat was lowered with the rapidity of thought—'now your Honor, on board with the baggage' said the steersman with, a course laugh. They sprang into the cabin. The light had almost expired. The master discovered a female form reclining from a birth, and throwing a covering over her head, he was again by the gangway of the schooner, deposited his burthen in the boat, and assisted Captain B. to her side. The next moment Captain B. waved his hand to the master in farewell and was dancing over the sea toward his destination, and then, ere he gained the merchantman, the schooner was once more under way, driving the spray in clouds from before her prow. Let us follow Captain B. With one arm he supports the sinking form of his companion while whispering consolation into her ear; and with the other he directs the boat to the merchantman, where the tide carries her with increasing swiftness. He gains the deck. He lifts the motionless person of his victim gently to his side. Her head falls upon his shoulder. The hood drops to the planks. The light of a battle lanthorn shows her countenance to the Captain's gleaming eyes. Good God! It was the black nurse, and he had left Gertrude.

Reader, have you ever seen a wounded lion? Have you ever heard his roar. Such was the Captain, and as loud was the voice with which (dashing the unfortunate negress, he had commissioned to wait upon Gertrude, to the deck, and seizing a speaking trumpet to his mouth) he hailed the schooner, once more on the wing, and in tones of thunder bade her come to. No answer was returned. The man of war beat her crew to quarters. officers and men turned out, in alarm and astonishment, from their rest; as the exasperated commander again and again, hailed the vessel, now flying away under a cloud of canvass. 'Come to, or we fire.' It was then a stern voice came struggling up against the wind, in answer—'Canst thou hold Leviathan with a hook?' and the Captain saw how grossly and completely he had been overreached. Pursuit was useless.

The following morning New London was agitated with a remarkable report, and many persons crowded the deck of a certain vessel, that had often passed the enemy's squadron, to know its truth. It was not denied. Captain B. had mistaken the master for a notorious traitor, and confided to his charge that of which he proved himself a careful and honest trustee. Gertrude again beheld her father, and shortly after, became the beautiful bride of Lieutenant R. Captain B. was soon removed from the station, and expired not long ulterior in a duel with a fellow officer. The master of the Sea Serpent now lives and daily reaps the reward of his noble conduct. Z.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.

My uncle Edward is an agreeable gentleman, though a bachelor, of full three score years. He is not one of your testy old fellows, always meddling with other people's affairs, whose spindle shanks bear a body and mind of corresponding dimensions, and whose voluble tongue is everlastingly engaged in creating and circulating slanders against the matrimonial state. No: far from it. He rejoices to see persons of congenial dispositions enter into those holy bonds, and nothing pleases him more

than to take part in the enjoyments of the social fireside; though at such times a shade of gloom has been seen to steal over his animated countenance, and occasionally has he turned away to conceal a falling tear no one knew why.

On entering his room, the other day, I found him seated at his desk, gazing intently at the portrait of what I should call a most beautiful female. I rallied him upon the subject, and bade him beware, lest in his old age he became the victim of such fascinating charms. I ended by asking the name of the original. He replied, that it was the picture of one who had long since paid the debt of nature; but as I had often laughed at him for being an old bachelor, and as that portrait recalled to his mind more vividly recollections of past events, he would write for me a short history of his life; at least, as much as related to his bachelorship. After a few days, he handed me the following; and as he is a person of unimpeachable veracity, the truth of it may be depended on.

THE BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.

'After the conclusion of my academical studies, I took a seat in the mail stage for —, Virginia, in search of employment, being advised by my physician to go to the south as my health was poor. Passing through Dover, in Delaware, I accidentally, met with a friend whom I had not seen for several years. I accompanied him home, and was introduced to his wife and a young lady, a visitor. The afternoon passed almost imperceptibly away in viewing the curiosities of the place, in company with my friend and his family. I then expected to continue my journey the following morning; but when it came, I was entirely unprepared, and needed but little entreaty to postpone my departure. In fact, there was an attraction not easily withstood. You may, and doubtless will, banter me with love at first sight. But it was not love; or, if it was, I never expected to see it returned. Miss Walton was a stranger to me, on a visit to my friend. She was the daughter of an eminent merchant in Virginia. She was on a tour to visit her friends in the various sections of the United States, and was to depart in a few days to the north, therefore it was not probable we should ever meet again. Or if we should meet, it would be at some distant day. Our future residences were to be many miles apart; why then should I hope? But yet I did hope. There was a spell cast around me, that I could not burst. My better judgment told me it was impossible to gain the heart of one so beautiful. But yet I rushed on madly to my ruin, as it were. Such is love's magic. Some have said that love will die without hope. I believe it is otherwise. Mere sensual love must and will change. But I am one of those who believe that,

'The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close.'

If the passion is unreturned, it may indeed change its object in a partial degree. But still, there will remain a tenderness not felt for common friends. The second love will be as the brightness of the moon to the vivifying splendor of the sun. But there must be something besides mere external beauty to inspire real love. A beautiful form may attract the admiration and homage of the crowd: but captivate a person of sense it never will. I wish that all, whatever may be their situation in life, would pay more attention to this fact. And instead of wasting their most precious moments in adorning and beautifying their person, they would employ them in adorning the mind. Not that I would have

them altogether neglect their personal appearance; not that I would have them throw aside all that of the outer man; not that I would have them go about like Diogenes; not that I would have them become, emphatically, *blues*; no, I would they dress neatly, and even elegantly if they choose. But I *would* have them cease to be slaves to the fluctuant laws of capricious fashion. I would not have them bow down in unconditional servitude to this modern Baal. I would have them pay less attention to the adornment of the body, and more to the cultivation of the intellectual powers. And I would not have them look to Europe for models in forming their mental characters. They should not conform themselves to the tastes of foreigners. They should look to home. I would have them republicans not only in theory but in practice also. But I am wandering from my subject.

'Mary Walton was not a perfect beauty. I had seen many forms before, as handsome, aye handsomer than hers: but never did I know what it was to love. I had seen those whose passing charms rivetted my attention for the moment: but when they were gone they were forgotten. Not so with Mary. There seemed to be something to attract attention besides a lovely exterior.

'There was a winning gracefulness in her every movement; there was an ingenuousness in her countenance; there was a nobleness in her every glance, that I could not withstand. Her time, unlike too many of her sex, was not all taken up in dress. Her apparel was neat and even elegant, but it was simple. There was no flourish of ribbons, no display of useless ornaments and gaudy trinkets. Nor did her conversation relate to the fashions of the day, or to the last dress worn by Miss Adeline Matilda Lucinda Angelina Parkhurst. Nor was it concerning Miss R's. *awful* bonnet, or Miss P's. beautiful gown, or Miss M's. unfashionable shoes. It tended to the improvement of the mind. It was often lively, and always animated, but never trivial.

'You may call these foolish encomiums, and think they are written too smooth over a bad cause. But I beg you will give credit to my word when I say, I wish to write nothing but truth. I should not, perhaps, have dwelt so long on these circumstances, were it not that I wish to show the difference between the fashionable accomplishments of females now a-days from what they were in former times, or rather what they ought to be.'

(What does my Uncle mean? Do such conversations actually take place among our young ladies? Or are his insinuations libellous?)

'I know I have a large party arrayed against me, but still I will say it, and I say it with an assurance that I am right—that the females of this country—I say nothing of others—are not brought up in the way which they should go. I allude more particularly to those who would be called *fashionable*. And I adjure you, by your hope of connubial happiness, not to choose a wife from the ultra-fashionables; for with some honorable exceptions, they are totally unfit either to perform the duties of wife, companion or mother. I would not censure the females alone, for the men likewise bow down too much to the god of fashion. But, would the ladies set the example, they might soon make a revolution in society that would be felt through all ranks and classes. They hold, as it were, the reins which guide society in their hands, and much depends upon them whether its course shall be to affluence and honor, or to ruin and disgrace. Could they be made to feel the influence which they possess,

and to give that influence its right direction, they would effect a work for which they would well deserve immortality. You may think I am warm. Who would not be warm on such a subject? But I cannot feel as I once did.

'I am now arrived at a time of life when the fire of imagination is cooled by the influence of the better judgment. I have seen much of the world. I have seen the ways of the high and the middle and the lower classes, and had sufficient time to reflect on them and correct every wrong impression. The snows of forty winters have cooled the impetuous passions of my youthful breast; and though I may raise the image of the past, it will be faint and uncertain as the misty light of a cold winter day compared with the brightness of a summer's noon.

'But to return from this digression. A week passed away, and I still found myself at Dover, still unprepared to depart. At length, ashamed of my supineness, I determined to set out the next morning at all events. I waved all importunities for further stay, though much against my will. And at four o'clock the next morning I was in the stage, wending my way to my original destination. It was in the spring, and the roads being very bad our progress was but slow. We however met with no accident worthy of notice, till we arrived at the Potomac. Here the waters had risen to such a height, caused by the late rains, that it was extremely dangerous to attempt the passage. But there being several passengers who were on urgent business which could not be delayed without material injury, it was determined to endeavor to effect it. We had not, however, reached the middle of the bridge, when that part we had just crossed gave way and fell, and that part on which we then were, began to totter. It was a startling and awful moment! The thought of it, even at this distant period, makes the blood run cold in my veins. We stood emphatically on the borders of the tomb. There was but the drawing of a breath between us and eternity. A thrill of pain went through every limb as when one springs from a lofty place. I cast my eyes upon the countenances of my companions. There was a flush on the cheek, there was a fixed lustre in the eye, there was a biting compression of the lips that spoke not of fear alone, but of a cool determination to bear in silence whatever there might be of danger. The driver lashed the horses and urged them to their utmost speed. But they, frightened by the dangers which surrounded them, snorted and pranced in frantic agony. The timber beneath our feet began to creak as if twisted by some irresistible power. The horses, overcome with terror, refused to proceed. In vain the coachman called—he lashed in vain. His voice was hushed amid the roaring of the waters; and the stripes inflicted on the poor beasts were as a thing of nought. Every one sprang from the carriage and endeavored to reach the opposite shore. But in vain. For a moment there was a trembling of the bridge like the trembling of scales on the balancing point. It was the tottering of one endeavoring to save himself from a fall. It was for a moment. The timbers, unable longer to sustain the impetuous rushing of the waters, gave way and precipitated us into the foaming stream. I rose unhurt to the surface.

'The torrent waved, and I did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with heart of controversy.'

'I struggled with the cold hand of death, till I saw three of my companions sink to rise no more! I had arrived within a rod of the shore, when the

cramp seized me: I became exhausted—and sunk.

“When I awoke, I was lying on a couch in a darkened room. Strange faces were around me. I was about to speak and inquire what had passed, for my recollections had not entirely returned—but a middle aged man placed his finger on my lips to ensure silence. “Speak not,” said he, “for a short season. I know what thou wouldst say. Be satisfied, thou art in the hands of those who will take good care of thee. Thy existence balances on a point. Life and death are striving for empire, and a word from thee may decide it in favor of the latter.” I assented and became quiescent.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

AUTUMN.

Autumn comes. The spring with her flowers—the summer with her heat and thunder, is past;—and Autumn;—sear, fruitful Autumn, appears at last. Well, so it is;—and so it has been;—and so it will be, while the seasons come and go over our earth. Autumn is pleasant;—Autumn is sweet. True, in it there is a shade—a more sober aspect thrown around us. But it is as the soft twilight of eve, closing over the theatre of mirth, of bustle and confusion. Like the youth, who has been, by the flight of time, brought to the sedateness of manhood,—so is Autumn. Along the horizon, the dark hills stretch away, bearing the heavy forest—the vales are no more an ocean of living green, but they are wide and naked—the hand of the reaper has been there, and nought but the short, yellow stubble, and the fresh, tender growth which followed the swing of the sythe, lays before the eye. Plenty—the harvest of the year—the toil of the husbandman, is here.—Bending to the earth and loaded to profusion, stands a group of yonder trees, whose fruit one by one, as the breeze stirs through its branches, strikes the earth, ripened and delicious, by the sun and rains of the by-gone summer. The song of the bird wakes not the echoes of Autumn—but in its stead the crickets, beneath the soft, bland beams of a meridian moon, join in one solemn song, which throws over the listener, a shroud of thought, pointing backward to the things which have been, which now are past, and which shall be no more. Autumn—Autumn—there is a thousand recollections connected with the season. I love the social few, who have with me passed over the flowers of spring—who have laughed away the sultry hours of summer beneath the projecting arms of the oak, or took the cool draught at the bursting spring—I say, I love to meet them again, when the heat of the summer is tempered away, and Autumn reigns over the wide earth. I love to repeat the sweet communion which we have had together. I love to catch the tear which glistens in their eyes, as they bend along the world below, and catch the expression, which doubly saith, ‘All things must fade.’ It seems to me that feeling grows stronger at this season. It seems as if we, too, with the departing year, were hastening to a close, and that now, even now, we were treading the threshold of eternity. And again, the rich banquet which is spread over the earth, inspires us with a noble gratitude to its Giver and Benefactor. We see pictured out in ‘bold relief,’ the certainty of a Supreme Being, and cannot refrain from adoring him for his goodness.

Well, there *is* an Autumn in the life of man. Oh may those whom this season has touched, smile sweetly amid Spring and Summer—or, in other words, may they be cheered by the lovely offspring, whose tread is on the sweetest of flowers and such as stand proudly amid the ripening summer. Then the Autumn of man is charming. He can look back and trace his seasons as passed by him, with calm contemplation, and smiling serenity—viewing, in his imagination, his idolized few, following his steps, slowly approaching the spot of felicity which he now occupies;—and fondly stretch his fancy away, when the *Autumn*, too, is o’er—when its last shade has lingered on his, and his follower’s head, and the Winter of death is thrown over the scene.

R.

ANECDOTE OF GOV. CHITTENDEN.

Thomas Chittenden was the first Governor of the State of Vermont. Many pleasing anecdotes are related of him. ‘Mum,’ said he, which was his usual way of addressing his lady, ‘who is that stepping so softly in the kitchen?’ It was midnight, and every soul in the house was locked in the arms of Somnus, but he and his companion. He left his bed as easy as he could, followed the intruder into the cellar without being perceived, and heard him taking large pieces of pork out of a meat barrel, and stowing them away in a bag. ‘Who’s there?’ said the Governor, in a grum, stentorian voice, as the intruder made preparations to be off. The latter shrunk back in a corner as mute as a dead man. ‘Bring a candle, mum.’ When the light was handed, ‘What are you waiting for, Mr. Robber, Thief, or whatever your name is?’ said he. The fellow shook as if his joints would be sundered. ‘Come, sir, fill up your sack and be off, and do not disturb honest people so often when they are wishing to take their repose.’ The thief looked more frightened than before. ‘Be quick, fill up, I shall make but few words with you.’ He was compelled to comply. ‘Hast thou got enough, sirrah? Begone then in a moment! when you have gormandized this, come in the day time, and I will give you more, rather than have my house pillaged at such an hour as this. One thing I’ll name you for to ponder upon: as sure as fate, if I ever have the smallest reason to suspect you of another such an act, the law shall be put in force, and the dungeon receive another occupant. Otherwise, you may still run at large, for any thing that I shall do.’ The fellow went away, and was never afterwards known to commit an immoral deed.

A Dark Case.—The following anecdote is in circulation, and is said to be authentic; an individual of fortune being awoke two nights ago by a severe cholic, fancied himself attacked by the cholera, and sent off immediately for physicians, desiring his servants in the mean time to rub him with a flesh brush. When the medical gentlemen arrived they found their patient of a most terrific appearance, having turned quite black from head to foot, but on closer examination, they found that the color was not that of the skin, as it came off on being touched, and at length it was discovered that the poor servant in his fright had laid hold of the blacking brush, and thus varnished the body of his suffering master, who, after the administration of some usual remedies and the application of a warm bath, soon recovered his health and fair complexion.—*London Paper.*

AN AMERICAN VESSEL.

The following complimentary notice of the naval architecture of this country, is by the author of 'Adventures of a Younger Son.' 'The first vessel we fell in with was a schooner, which, after a long chase, we made out to be an American. As soon as she discovered we were French she hove to. She was a beautiful vessel, long, low in the water, with lofty raking masts, which tapered away until they were almost too fine to be distinguished, and the swallow tailed vanes above fluttered like fire flies. The starred flag waved over her taffrail. As she filled and hauled on a wind, to cross under our stern, with a stiff breeze, to which she gently keeled, I thought there was nothing so beautiful as the arrowy sharpness of her bow, and the gradually receding fineness of her quarters. She looked and moved like an Arab horse in the desert, and was as obedient to command. There was a lightness and bird-like buoyancy about her, that exclusively belongs to this class of vessels. America has the merit of having perfected this nautical wonder, as far surpassing all other vessels in exquisite proportion and beauty, as the gazelle excels all animated nature. Even to this day no other country has succeeded in either the building or the working these vessels in comparison with America.'

A Warrior's opinion of War.—The following is singular language to be used by a brother of Napoleon. It is from an answer of Louis Buonaparte to Sir Walter Scott:—'I have been enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory; but I also confess, that the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, as if Time, did not himself do this with sufficient rapidity! What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think—'Wars with the pain of death, which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarians, an inheritance of the savage state, disguised or ornamented by an ingenious institution and false eloquence.'

A country gentleman walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep, under an arbor, 'What!' says he, 'asleep instead of at work; you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you.' 'I am truly sensible of my unworthiness,' answered the man, 'and therefore I laid myself down in the shade.'

The late Sir Wilkins William Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. 'Ah,' said he, 'how so, pray?' 'Why,' replied the other, 'when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled up about five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin about this the earth was created.'

The way to have good Horses.—In New London, two gentlemen, struck by the beauty of a noble horse driven by a carman, stopped to survey and admire the well-fed animal. At the moment, up came a couple of fellows, whose eyes told a tale which their tongues would have lied about, and, recognising the driver, exclaimed, 'John, your horse didn't use to look like that; what's the matter?' 'I'll tell you,' says the carman: 'I used to let my

horse breathe, and I would step into the store and take a drop for myself.—Now I go without my dram, and spend my pence to buy oats for Charley.'—The argument for temperance had so much point, that the fellows checked their inquiries, and pushed on.

A soldier, during one of Bonaparte's campaigns, came up to him with a ragged coat and asked for a new one—'Oh no!' said he, 'that will never do, it will hinder your wounds from being seen.'

A fellow found guilty of burglary and robbery before Justice Day, in Ireland, shrewdly enough observed, that his fate had been singular, he had lost by Day what he had got by night.

Time of Dining.—Diogenes, being asked what was the best hour for dinner, replied, 'For the rich when they please; for the poor when they can.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1832.

Juvenile Paper.—A little paper devoted exclusively to the amusement and instruction of children, is published weekly by Messrs. Allen & Ticknor, Boston. It is entitled 'The Juvenile Rambler or Family and School Journal,' and is admirably adapted to the use of little folks, both in families and schools, containing much valuable information imparted in a brief and comprehensive manner, in language suited to the juvenile capacity.

The Literary Cabinet.—This is the title of a new periodical which has recently been commenced at St. Clairsville, Ohio. It is in the octavo form, each number containing sixteen pages, neatly put up in a colored cover.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending Sept. 5th.

T. M. Brown, Hallowell, U. C. \$2; J. Stockton, P. M. Williamsburgh, G. \$2; J. H. Coleman, Buffalo, N. Y. \$1; L. F. Potter, Kingsboro', N. Y. \$4; M. Algar, Hartsville, Ms. \$1; H. Cook, Charlotte, Vt. \$2; A. Dickinson, Avon, N. Y. \$1; M. S. Warner, Greenbush, N. Y. \$1; B. F. Dill, Athens, Ga. \$1; H. Taffey, Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1; J. R. Day, Mayfield, N. Y. \$1; C. Rose, Winchester, Ct. \$1; J. F. Whitney, Albany, N. Y. \$15; J. S. Newton, Woodbridge, Ct. \$1; J. D. Miller, West Brookfield, Ms. \$1; C. R. Copeland, Sturbridge, Ms. \$1; A. H. Mead, East Hampton, Ms. \$1; J. Power, Utica, N. Y. \$2; S. Raymond, New Britain, Ct. \$1; A. Munson, Greenfield Centre, N. Y. \$1; W. B. Steelman, Clarksville, Ga. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Synodical Notice.—J. Berger, secretary of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of the State of New-York, has given notice, that on account of the Cholera in Albany, their ensuing Synod will be postponed until Saturday the 13th of October next.

The American Farmer announces, that in Louisa county, Virginia, there is a quarry, belonging to Dr. Coleman, of oil stone, of a quality very superior to any heretofore known.

It is said that no less than eleven physicians have fallen victims to the Cholera at New-York.

The ship Incz, at New-York from Havre, has silver five-franc pieces on board, to the amount of 9,100 francs. The brig Jane, from Matamoras, has about \$90,000.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, the 1st inst. by the Rev. S. I. Stillman, Mr. Philip K. Burger, to Miss Elizabeth Power, both of Hudson.

At New-Lebanon, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Silas Churchill Dr. H. D. Wright, to Miss Ann E. King, daughter of the Hon. John King, all of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening the 26th ult. of the croup, Matilda daughter of Mr. Cyrus Darling, aged 3 years.

On Saturday last, Grosvenor, son of David Lappon, in the 10th year of his age.

At Ghent, on the 23d ult. Doct. Amos Carpenter, in the 78th year of his age, a member of the Society of Friends.

In Chaverack, on the 21st ult. Mr. Solomon Munger, in the 40th year of his age.

At Princetown, Schenectady Co. on the 31st ult. Harriet Fosdick, infant daughter of Thomas and Harriet Netherly, aged 3 months.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE HUDSON.

There's a beam on thy waters, broad river, that still
Round the heart, wakes a lonely but sensitive thrill ;
I have gazed on thy bosom, fair Hudson, and oh !
Thou hast seemed like the thoughts o'er my own heart
that flow :
Thou mayst sparkle in gladness—thy depths, though
for aye
Will arouse not a fancy o'er me that is gay.
I have loved thee at sunlight—and oft when it set ;
Oh, Time cannot waste thee or make me forget
Those hours of joy I have felt as I gazed,
On thy dimples in Heaven's bright sun as they blazed :
They have past, and thy light, roving Hudson, to me
Is as dark as the depths of the wide rolling sea. P.

TO A FIRST-BORN CHILD.

My child ! how strange that name appears
To lips unused as mine !
How thrilling to my listening ears
Those infant cries of thine !
How many a thought mysterious burns
Within my heart and brain,
As still my frequent glance returns
To gaze on thee again.
And as I gaze on thee, the past,
Present, and future, twine
A tie, that binds me still more fast,
At every look of thine.
The past thy mother's fondness bade
Be hallowed time to me ;
The present—can it be but glad
While blest with her and thee ?
The future wraps its dusky veil
O'er what I fain would know,
How o'er the sea of life the gale
Thy fragile bark shall blow.
Forward I look with hope awhile,
Then sadden into fear :
Perhaps thy life, may be a smile,
Perhaps, perhaps a tear.
My child ! with love's best treasures fraught,
My first born and my pride,
To whom I turn in every thought,
With every hope allied.
Sweet be thy slumbers, soft and deep,
While life no sorrow feels ;
A mother lulls thine eyes to sleep
A father's blessing seals.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

—Women act their parts
When they do make their ordered houses know them.
Men must be busy out of doors, must stir
The city ; yea, make the great world aware
That they are in it ; for the mastery
Of which, they race and wrestle.

KNOWLES.

Warrior ! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stained window shed ;
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet through a cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner from its flashing spear
Flung out o'er many a fight ;
A war-cry, ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight ;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine,

A haughty heart and kingly glance—
Chief ! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council-board ;
In festive halls a chair of state,
When the blood-red wine was poured ;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard ;
Surely these things were all thine own ;
So hadst thou thy reward !

Woman ! whose sculptured form at rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er thy breast
In matron robe arrayed ;
What was thy tale ?—Oh, gentle mate
Of him the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of thee ?

He wooed a bright and burning star ;
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that followed far
His oft receding plume ;
The heart sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze ;
The pang—but when did Fame take heed
Of griefs obscure as these ?

Thy silent and secluded hours,
Through many a long day,
While bending o'er thy brodered flowers,
With spirit far away ;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains ;
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim,—
These fill no minstrel-strains.

A still sad life was thine !—long years,
With tasks unguerdoned fraught,
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought ;
Prayers at the cross in fervour poured,
Alms to the pilgrims given ;—
Oh happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven !

EPIGRAM.

' My dear, what makes you yawn ?'
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
' Is home so dull and dreary ?'
' Not so, my love,' he said, ' not so :
But man and wife are one, you know,
And when alone I'm weary ?'

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Nose-Gay.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is Al-bo-ny.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why were Adam and Eve the originators of sugar
planting ?

II.

Why is P in the Alphabet like the most cruel Roman ;

Deeds, Mortgages, &c.*

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